Enter Bullingbroke, and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeeres of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soverdeigne, my loving Liege.
Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Untill the heavens envying earth good hap
adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters us
As well appeareth by the cause you come
namely to appeale each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. First (Heaven be the record of my speech)
In the devotion of a subjects love,
Tendring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appelant to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, doe I turne to thee
And make my greeting well, for what I shall
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine Soule answer it in Heaven.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and Christall is the skie
The uglier seemes the Clouds, that in it flye.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note
With a foule traitors name, stuffe I thy throat
And wish (so please my Soverdeigne) ere I move
What my tongue speakes, my right drawne sword
Mow: Let not my cole words here accuse my zeale
Tis not the triall of a womans warre
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

As to be hushed, and nought at all to say.
First, the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbs me
From giving reines and spurres to my free speech,
which one would post, untill it had returned
(End of ij 2: page)
These termes of reason, doubly doune his throat
ting aside his high blods royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
I doe defie him, and spit at him,
call him a slanderous Coward, and a villaine:
which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
and meet him, were I tide to runne a foote,
even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
or any other ground inhabitable,
where ever English man durst set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my royalty,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lye.
Bul: Pale trembling Coward, then I throw my gage,
disclaiming here the kindred of the King,
And lay aside my high blods royalty
which feare, not reverence makes me to except

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